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MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Tribune]

SONG OF THE OPPRESSED.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

"Promise for me, Mitchel!"—*Devin Reilly.*

O! thou who art weeing
A phantom's embrace,
Up, up and be doing
Some good for the race!
Say to each striver
One bondman to free,
Promise for me, Brother,
Promise for me!

See, see the blood freshen
Our devious track,
And the hounds of Oppression
Come doubling back!
Brothers and sufferers,
Born not for slaves,
Stir in your winding-sheets—
Rise from your graves!

The day-star is risen,
But darkly between,
The underground prison
And chain intervene!
Raze the dividing wall—
Snap the dull chain,
And let the still life-blood
Course warmly again!

What of the night, Watchman?
What is the sign?
Stern, hard men are arming
And wheeling in line,
And coming like heavy swells
Of the roused sea;
Promise for me, Watchman,
Promise for me!"

Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

SKETCH OF ADVENTURES,

DURING A TRIP OVERLAND FROM SIDNEY TO PORT PHILIP.

[CONCLUDED.]

At the foot of a forest-gum I lay wrapped in my warm possum-skin cloak; but before lying down to rest, I looked well to my arms, placing my holsters with my pistols beside me, and my rifle in the hollow of an adjacent tree, which had been partly burned, in order to preserve it from the night dew. Long and sound did I sleep, the moon being high in the heavens when I awoke. I arose; the sky was almost without a cloud, the silver rays of the orb of night were brightly reflected from the white stems of the surrounding box-trees, the vistas of the forest were exposed to my view almost as clearly as by day, and my horse was still feeding on what I had provided for him. Seating myself on the same branch that had served for my dinner-table, my thoughts turned on the scenes of my youth, and the land of my birth. My early craving after novelty and information, became remembered. I looked—dreamed of futurity, the result of years of travel and dearly bought experience, and lost in thought, I sank into a slumber, and awoke but to find the sun chasing the gloom of early dawn from the earth.

The birds of the forest were offering their tribute of affection to the exhilarating rays of the sun, and the wallies re-echoed back their main song. My early frugal meal was soon completed, and having saddled my horse, and made other necessary arrangements, I was soon lost amid the mazes of the forest. My journey throughout this day was pretty similar to that of the previous one; my attention, however, was frequently engaged by what at a distance I considered to be an assemblage of natives; on approaching, the cause of my alarm proved to be broken and grotesque trunks of trees, which, during the preceding summer, had undergone the action of fire; in some of the extensive conflagrations engaged by what at a distance I from various causes, but particularly owing to an existing desire of the natives to provide fresh green food for the kangaroo, by the destruction of the old and unpalatable herbage. Towards evening I rapidly approached a high range of hills, which after running parallel to the Hume for some distance, ultimately join the highest range in the southern part of New Holland, the Snowy Mountains.

The country was gradually acquiring an appearance of verdure, and losing the barren desert look of the hills I had been traversing the previous day. Two hours before dark, the clouds began to lower, and soon after, a heavy drizzling rain to fall. I continued my way notwithstanding, entering a gulley which apparently lay in the direction of my route; it gradually began to widen and grow deeper, till, having proceeded some distance, I found a deep and rocky ravine intersecting it; with considerable difficulty I succeeded in effecting a passage, and continued my journey. The gulley had by this time increased into a valley, the sides of which rose rocky and perpendicular, the summits covered with majestic iron bark trees. Fallen timber, however, strewed the ground in all directions, and complete darkness was rapidly setting in; when just as I turned the angle of a rock, where the valley tended to the eastward, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of a party of aborigines, seated around their fires. Instantly checking my horse, my rifle was unslung, but more with the hope of selling my life dearly, than with the prospect of escape; a death-like pause ensued; I found that I was unperceived, and quietly alighting, I cautiously retraced my steps, leading my horse, and anxiously guarding against any collision with the dead and fallen timber that lay in heaps around, lest I might alarm my dangerous neighbors. In a few moments I arrived on the brink of the precipice I had crossed, but a short time previous, excessive darkness prevailed, and I at once perceived the impossibility of crossing.

Few can imagine the appalling difficulty of my position; with a deep and almost impassable precipice in front, and perpendicular hills on either side, I lay completely at the mercy of the aborigines in my rear; if they became conscious of my vicinity. I was, however, aware of the dread the aborigines entertained of night, and that knowledge gave me confidence. Still I durst not touch bridle or saddle of my horse, and there on the brink of a deep gulley, we both stood, the rain falling heavily. After the lapse of an hour, previously securing my horse, and looking well to my pistols, which I took with me, I ventured down the valley again, to reconnoitre. Cautiously I stole towards the encampment, under cover of the rocky side of the gulley, till I had approached to within a distance of about two hundred yards; crouching beneath the trunk of a burned tree, I became a spectator of as wild a scene as nature can well offer. Upwards of a dozen fires occupied the entire breadth of the valley, and now and again, they shot up a lurid blaze, illuminating the space around, showing distinctly the rocky faces of the precipices, and their overhanging forests, the dark and dusky forms of the savages, as they sat or walked before their fires, being thrown out in bold relief, with their tall spears planted in the ground beside them. In my contemplation of this sight, I almost unconsciously, owing to extreme fatigue, seated myself on the limb of a tree close behind me, but had scarcely done so, before it gave way with a crash, and I measured my length on the ground. Quick as thought, the entire party of the aborigines (all of whom, numbering about thirty, seemed to be men,) were on their feet, and the discordant yells of their *dingoes* rang what I considered to be my death-peal amongst the surrounding rocks. It was not a time to hesitate, and I recklessly plunged from my covert in the direction where I had left my horse, but had hardly done so, before the fierce and demon-like whoop, that issued from the crowd of my foes, told me I was discovered. Pursuit immediately followed, and I had hardly passed the angle of the valley, before I heard the sound of footsteps close in my rear; finding all hopes of reaching my horse vain, I threw myself beneath a fallen tree, and in little more than an instant, my pursuers passed me extremely close, their cries resounding through the valley. Still as death I lay for a few moments, when my attention was attracted by the loud and crashing sound of the breaking of dead branches, as if by the passage of a heavy body, and immediately my horse plunged wildly by with broken bridle, and five or six spears sticking in him.

Not hearing the returning footsteps of the aborigines, I considered they were searching for me in the vicinity of the deep cross gulley where they had discovered my horse. I crept from beneath the tree that saved my life, and on hands and knees approached the side of the valley. The night, which had previously been calm, with heavy drizzling rain, began to get blustering, and the wind sighed heavily through the branches of the tall white gums. As I crept along the face of the cliffs that overhung the gulley, I discovered, to my pleasurable surprise, a cleft that seemed to offer some hope of successful ascent. Slinging the holsters which I had kept my pistols in, round my neck, I gave myself unreservedly to the task; and, owing to my desperate efforts and personal agility, I soon attained a considerable altitude above the valley; the ascent, however, momentarily became more difficult, till I found further advance completely barred by a perpendicular rock.

Hope almost deserted me, but I despaired not. A tree which had its base some fifteen feet beneath where I stood, suggested itself as a means of escape; advancing to the point of a projecting rock, I was enabled to seize one of its branches, and by the assistance of it, slung myself into the tree. Having obtained a footing, I soon climbed to a level with the summit of the hill, which was about thirty feet from the foot of the tree, and when I had done so, I found myself not more than twelve feet from *terra firma.* I knew well that if I could attain a footing on the land which was level with me, and at such a short distance, that I should be safe, as the natives would undoubtedly wait till morning before they left the valley in pursuit, and by that time I might be many miles away, leaving a long trail after me, which in all probability would be obliterated by the rain before morning. I looked down and endeavored to peer into the gloom; but the valley, six or seven hundred feet beneath, was involved in impenetrable darkness, the fires being shut out from my sight by an intervening projection of the land. The answering cries of the aborigines re-echoed through the rocks, and were borne to my ears, on the wings of the fitful gusts, that had commenced to eddy through the valley.

Premained rocking in my aerial abode till I heard the noises produced by the body of the returning aborigines; their search seemed still to continue, till they came to a stand directly beneath me, their joyous yells giving notice that they had made some discovery; well knowing their extraordinary sagacity, I felt satisfied they had found a top riding coat which I had thrown off to aid my ascent. Hesitation was no longer to be thought of, as they might follow on my trail, up the cleft I had come, and where the difficulty of my position had caused me to leave many marks behind, which they could not fail to observe. The darkness was so very great that I could not even discover what sort of footing I should obtain on the verge of the cliff; as, however, all beneath was rocky, I inferred that was the same. Collecting all my energies for a desparate attempt, I steadied myself on a branch, made a spring, and the next instant stood in safety on the desired spot, notwithstanding the tree gave considerably with me, when I made the spring. I was now comparatively beyond the reach of danger; I thought not of my dripping clothes, or shivering frame; my heart swelled with triumph within me, under the consciousness of having escaped what I had previously looked upon as inevitable death. I leant over the edge of the precipice, but could only hear confused sounds beneath.

Turning my attention to the course I ought now to pursue, I calculated, as well as possible, the direction my route lay, but was only able to come to a conclusion on this point, by referring to the run of the gulley I had previously traversed, as I was unable, for the excessive darkness, to apply for guidance to my compass. Having partly satisfied my mind on this point, I examined my holsters, to see that no wet had penetrated through the possum-skin that covered the tops of either of them; finding that all was right, I plunged into the forest that covered the surrounding hills, with the intention of increasing my distance as much as possible before morning, from the scene of such dangerous adventures. I know that the terror which the aborigines excited in my horse, had precluded all hope of recovering him, if alive, at least for the present, and even if such was not the case, the danger of remaining in the vicinity till morning, was too great to be thought of.

On, on I sped, ascending the steep hills, and constantly coming in contact with fallen timber, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. I found, however, that I was traversing a range of hills which were gradually attaining a great altitude, till they almost became mountainous. After journeying on for about nine or ten miles, as I calculated, which consumed fully five hours, the moon arose, partly obscured by fleecy clouds, the rain still continuing to fall heavily. I soon discovered that I was keeping considerably too much to the eastward, and in order to make the Hume, that it would be necessary to bend considerably to the southward. Accordingly I did so, but soon found my progress stayed in that direction by deep vast gulfs and precipices, which the little light the moon conveyed, rendered more frightful. For an hour I examined the southern extremes of the summits, but failed to discover any probable passage down which I durst venture.

Extreme fatigue, after a thirteen hours' journey on horseback, and the exciting scenes I had passed through, was fast overpowering me; my clothes were completely dripping, my boots full of water—still I felt an irresistible desire to sleep, and in order to nerve myself for the forthcoming day, I determined to gratify nature. I possessed no heavy clothing; my possum cloak had been left strapped to my saddle, my top-coat at the foot of the precipice, when in such imminent danger; I was merely clad in a shooting-coat. Having searched for some time around, I discovered the standing trunk of a burned tree, which was hollow; at the foot was an opening, and into this I squeezed myself till I attained a sitting posture, with my feet and legs projecting into the rain, which also descended rapidly on my head and shoulders, through the open top of my place of shelter; yet this was the best place I could discover for sheltering me from the cold night wind, which blew in heavy gusts, and with piercing effect, owing to the elevation of the range of mountains. But a short time had elapsed, before I sunk into an uneasy sleep, in which I must have continued nearly three hours, as when I awoke, day was breaking; I tried to move, being seated in a pool of water, but my limbs were completely benumbed—I could not stir. Ten minutes had passed over, before, with considerable difficulty, I succeeded in edging myself out of my strange habitation; the joints of my limbs refused their functions at first, and it was only with the aid of the tree I was enabled to stand upright. Every thread on me was completely saturated, and the light colored shooting-coat I wore, was torn and besmeared with mud and charcoal. The cold breeze of the morning actually seemed to pass through my body. I kneaded my knees, pressed them, succeeded in restoring motion, walked, and then ran till my breath failed, in the hope of restoring warmth to my shivering frame. I dared not light a fire—it was as much as my life was worth; the smoke would have been certain to attract the attention of the aborigines, owing to the elevated position I was in. Partially I succeeded in my object, and then set about discovering a way by which I could descend from the range, and pursue my route.

After a walk of a couple of miles, I came to a crossing range, along which I went, and found it descended into the level country in the direction of the Hume. My compass pointed me out my course, for, owing to the occurrences of the previous night, I was debarred from profiting by the information C——— had given me, as I was now many miles from the line of country I had been advised to travel in, and which the information given to me, concerned. Rapidly I pushed along through a varied country, free from the excessive drought that prevailed at some distance on the other side of the mountains.

Noon found me at least twenty-five miles from the range, advancing towards the Hume, which I proposed making, in the first instance, and then traveling along its banks till I came to some settler's station. I had partaken of nothing since the previous day, and now began to feel the cravings of hunger. My stock of provisions had passed from my possession, with my horse. I dared not use my fire-arms, and even if I did, the probability was, it would be of no use, seeing but few birds, and having nothing but pistols with ball, to fire with. Falling in with some mimosa trees, I succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of dried gum from them, with which I partly allayed my appetite. The day, which from about seven o'clock had been fine, became gloomy, and about one o'clock it commenced raining. My clothes, which had dried upon me, soon became completely wet again. I continued, however, to press on, and at half past five o'clock I caught a sight of the Hume, from a small elevation, as its swollen tide rolled along. It was a happy moment, and, although I could not hope to gain the shelter of an abode that night, still I cheerfully reconciled myself to both hunger and the prospect of passing another night amidst heavy rain, lightly clad, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, with the conviction that, before the following day would be far advanced, I should be able to reach some place of safety and hospitality.

Before darkness had completely set in, I endeavored to discover some place that would shelter me for the night, and succeeded in discovering a large fallen gum-tree, burned hollow within, sufficiently large to admit of my introducing my whole body into it. I soon took advantage of my discovery, and ensconsed myself from the falling rain and chilling night breeze. Still, I could not sleep—my whole frame was benumbed; by fitful starts, I had sunk into short but unrefreshing pauses of temporary insensibility, when about midnight I was awakened by the loud and continued howl of dogs. I crept from my miserable bed; the ground around was actually flooded with the heavy rain; the moon had not yet arisen. Again the sound reached my ears, seeming to come down the valley through which the river flowed; it was not the cry of the native dog, but I feared it came from the "dingoes" of the aborigines; long and anxiously did I listen to the frequently repeated howls.

At first I proposed to myself to proceed down the river in a contrary direction to that from whence the sounds seemed to emanate; the probability of being in the vicinity of some station then presented itself to me, and I resolved to venture along the bank in order to discover in what neighborhood I really was. Cautiously I groped my way along till I found myself directly opposite to where the cries still continued to come. I looked in vain for the fires of the aborigines; no light was to be seen. I remained an hour at the foot of a white gum, till the moon rose, shedding a scanty light through the misty clouds, on the scenery around, and there joyously I perceived directly opposite to me two or three slab huts. My loud and startling "cooey" sounded through the forest, and I had but a short time to wait before men's voices were heard, and an inquiring shout saluted my ears. Having made my position known, I was informed that, in consequence of the swollen state of the stream, it would be almost dangerous to cross it, but that owing to my miserable position, the attempt would be made.

A canoe formed out of the trunk of a tree, with its two ends square, covered with a piece of green hide to prevent its filling, was soon launched, and by the aid of a rope that extended across the river, and was fastened on the other side, it was soon hauled across, close to where I stood. Having entered, I seated myself at one end, while my conductor stood at the other; gradually overmoved out, till we got into the strength of the stream, which was such that the end of the canoe at which my conductor sat, was, in consequence of his retaining the frail bark against the current, buried under water, so that he was compelled to let go, and permit us to float down with the stream, with the canoe half filled. Dreading a collision with some of the logs that crowded the stream, we took advantage of a near approach to a point of land, to jump out, and swim for the bank, which we succeeded in gaining, but in a most miserable plight; having thrown off my coat, waistcoat and boots, in the canoe, and my pistols having been left behind also. A few minutes' walk in a fenced-in paddock brought us up to the station, which I found to belong to a Mr. Riddell. Here I was most hospitably received, furnished with clothes, and after a good rest, I crossed the river the following day, with a party of eight mounted men, to proceed in search of my horse, whose body I found, with torn saddle and plundered saddle-bags, some distance down the gulley where I had experienced so much danger.

On my return, I obtained the loan of a horse from the superintendent of Mr. Riddell's station, and in company with Mr. McIntosh, a squatter, and two other companions, proceeded on my journey to Port Philip; calling at McLeod's station, which was further down the river, and reaching Melbourne without any adventure worth relating, on the evening of the sixth day.

STORY OF A SAILOR.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship, bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife, whom I had married but six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelve-month. I took all of my money with me, save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China, on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds, but when in the China seas a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself in the best possible manner, and forget the ship, as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck; a sea-brew me upon the rocks senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me further up the rocks. There were only four of us alive, and, when morning came, we found that we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken into Canton, and there I had to beg; for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I, *a captain*, was obliged to ship as a common sailor. It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak nor move, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes. "Is my wife alive?" I asked. He said nothing. Then I wished that I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead; but he very soon said, "*She is alive.*" Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said, "Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you dead for a long time." He said that my wife was living in our little cottage in the interior of the State. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within twenty-five miles of my wife. Upon leaving the cars I hired a boy, though, it was night, to drive me home. It was about two o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. It was a warm, moonlight night, and I remember how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently tapped. She opened the window and asked "who was there?" "Sarah, do you not know me?" said I. She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost; but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wished to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay one, whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time; I did not make any noise, for I dare not wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon the cheek of my little child. While doing it a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw that she began to be frightened, and I said, "Mary, it is your husband!" and she clasped me about my neck, and fainted. But I cannot describe to you that scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea for ever.

[Paris Correspondence of the Chronotype.]

PARIS, July 13, 1848.

To-morrow is the anniversary of the day when some sixty years ago the people of Paris tore down the Bastile. Since that time what have they not endured and done! To-morrow they will not destroy a Bastile, for they are imprisoned in one that is too strong for their feeble strength. This Bastile has grown silently and fatally around them; its walls and dungeons have been years in preparation; their inhabitants have not guessed the fate preparing for them, till suddenly they found themselves imprisoned. The Bastile I mean, is the Bastile of poverty; its towers and cells are erected by the power of competitive labor.

Yesterday, on the Boulevards, about forty men came with their wives and children and sat down where the crowd of passers must behold them. Their faces were pale, and despair was written on their features. The bystanders asked them why they were there? "Would you have us starve in secret?" was the answer; "we prefer that the whole public should know to what French laborers are reduced." A policeman came up and told them they must not stay there, and that if they were suffering, the authorities would relieve them. "Charity!" said they, "it is not charity we want; give us work!" The police with difficulty made them withdraw from the spot where they sat, an exciting and dangerous spectacle.

Five minutes ago, on the corner of the street I saw a little written placard in a neat hand-writing. It was the humble advertisement of an *ouvrier*. He had been without any thing to do for four months, and implored any reader who had any sort of work by which he might gain his food, to employ him. These are the merest indications of the distress among the working population of Paris. This is their return for the blood they have shed for the country, and the sacrifices they have made. It is heart-rending to see a generous, brave, impulsive people in such a state.

One of the most noted of the leading radicals is M. Proudhon. He is a Socialist, and not a Socialist. He believes that the people must be saved, but that a commercial reform will relieve the present evils and settle the problem of France. I was at his house the other evening. He is a person of medium size, large head, and serious features; he speaks with warmth and decision, like a man whose convictions are ready for any trial. He explained his system in a rapid and clear manner, and he spoke of the crisis and what must be done. Against the moneyed class his eloquence was like a flood; they had slaughtered the people like brute beasts, rather than yield a stiver of their ill-got gains. Of theorists and students, he said, no more were wanted; they darkened counsel; of tinkering with political institutions they had too much; as to the question of one president, or three, he was indifferent; some said a good philosopher, a man of science, was needed to solve the tangled web, and bring light instead of darkness. A philosopher!—science! No, not a philosopher, but a Spartacus; not science, but the breaking of chains. No more discussing and talking, but action without rest!

Such is M. Proudhon; in private a man of the most gentle manners and of varied culture, but behind all this revolutionary spirit, shooting up as in jets of flame. He has published the *Representant du Peuple* daily since the revolution. On Sunday last he proposed in it a petition to the Assembly, signed by such numbers as to make it a command, calling for the reduction of one sixth from all rents about to fall due, one half of the sum deducted to go to the state—the other half to the tenant. This was considered a direct attack upon property—which he has several times declared to be only a continuous robbery. Next day the paper was suspended by the order of the government. He will resume it again as soon as the siege is raised. The Fourierites, by the way, he dislikes very heartily; they are too quiet and pacific, and then they go for individual property.

What is the destiny of a country which contains many such men as Proudhon? One would say either to kill them, or be convulsed by them.

Lamennais belongs to the same category. With less intellect, he has even more eloquence and passion. The government having revived the law of Louis Philippe, requiring each daily paper of Paris to pay twenty thousand dollars caution money into the treasury, the Abbe not being able to command so much money for his *Peuple Constituent*, published his last number on Tuesday. It was in mourning; it had begun with the republic, he said; with the republic it expired, for the republic existed no longer. He concluded his philippic in these words: "As for ourselves, soldiers of the press, devoted to the defence of the liberties of the country, they treat us as they do the people—they disarm us. Not long since our paper was snatched from the hands of the carriers, and torn and abused in the public streets. One of our agents has been imprisoned at Rouen, and the journal seized without any further formality. The design of all is clear; it was at any cost to reduce us to silence. Now they have succeeded, by means of the caution money. At this day it requires money, a great deal of money, to enjoy the right of speech. We are not rich enough. Silence to the poor!"

On Tuesday an immense number of the paper was sold, and on Wednesday morning it became necessary to strike off another edition to satisfy the demand. That day the police seized it, and it is said that Lamennais is to be prosecuted for treason. I learn, however, that in conjunction with his friend, Pierre Leroux, he has obtained the means of paying the caution money, the government having decided to reduce the amount to less than five thousand dollars. They intend to commence a new paper together, with the name of the *Tribune Socialiste*.

Though the government is generally re-actionary, I am glad to say that there is one man of liberal views in it. I mean Tourret, the Minister of Commerce. He has in consideration, and intention too, a plan for a vast reform of commerce. It is necessary, he is convinced, to get rid of the *intermediaires*, that is to say, of the merchants whose practice it is to buy of the producer at less than the cost of production, and sell to the consumer for more than the actual value of the article. He thinks of establishing great *entrepots* in the interior of the country, where products can be deposited by the maker, and where the people can go for what they want, and have it without the addition of jobbing or retail profits, and without the adulterations and frauds which the merchants practice, especially on eatables and drinkables. The French trade in the United States he also thinks of arranging in the same manner, by the establishment of depots in the principal cities, managed by the agents of the republic, and furnishing goods directly from the manufacturers, at their prices, with the addition of commissions to cover the bare cost of transportation, storage, agents, &c. I say he intends to do this. I do not wish to speak too strongly; he is favorable to the plan, which meets precisely his ideas of commercial reform, but he may find difficulties in carrying it out. How the merchants would raise the shout of opposition, if he should begin to do it! Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Sacred is the right of Commerce to fleece the world!

Lamartine made a noble speech yesterday, according to all accounts. It was in the Committee of Foreign Affairs, on the policy which France ought to adopt in view of the march of the Russian army to the Danube. In his best efforts, say the members of the Committee who heard him, he never was more eloquent. Unfortunately the speech will not be published, as it related to movements of which the public cannot yet be informed. It is said, however, that it was decidedly in favor of French intervention in behalf of the Wallachians and Moldavians.

The official inquiry in regard to the insurrection, has made known some interesting facts. The number of barricades constructed in the four days, was three thousand eight hundred and forty-three: this shows that the insurgents were able to work at something, though they were not very profitable in the national workshops. The number of cartridges issued to the troops and National Guard, was upwards of two millions, and all of them were used. Besides this immense quantity of ammunition for small arms, there were also used above three thousand artillery cartridges: this of course was on the side of the authorities alone. The number of shots fired by the rebels can only be guessed at.

The proprietors of the *Presse* have held a meeting to protest against the stoppage of their paper. They say that of their 70,000 subscribers, they shall lose at least 30,000 by the suspension: this will cause a serious depreciation of the value of the property. The laborers connected with the paper, who are deprived of work, should also, they think, be considered: these consist of 20 editors; 25 clerks; 20 pressmen and assistants; 60 porters; 64 folders, and 500 carriers; all these persons are now out of employment. The stoppage also takes from the public treasury 2200 francs a day, postages, and deprives the paper makers, ink makers and type founders of a daily demand to the amount of about 4000 francs! You see that they have larger papers in Paris than we can boast of in America.

The National Assembly is inundated with all sorts of queer petitions. Yesterday one man asked for the abolition of the Episcopate, and of the celibacy of the priesthood; that every priest should be required to practice some branch of productive labor, and that the sacred vessels of the churches be melted and given to the poor! Another man asked a heavy fine to be laid on journalists who should publish false news. This last petition the Assembly laughed at.

The French have been hastening out of Paris in a steady stream for this fortnight, for fear of new insurrections. So great has been the demand for passports, that at the Prefecture of Police it has been necessary to appoint three men to issue them, whereas one is usually enough.

Salut et fraternite.

BOSTONIAN.

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guarantied a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the power to limit, at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in every thing.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1848.

ORGANIZED TRADE IN FRANCE.

We shall see out of all the turmoil, confusion and revolutions of France, arise a completely new order of things. The process of birth is necessarily painful—is necessarily attended with much waste of substance; but of substance no longer useful, and which must needs be cast off. Yet France will ere long stand before the world in its regenerate form, the paragon of nations. The activity of mind in that nation is without precedent—an activity alive with social sympathies, with the largest purposes of good to the race. Where is the other nation—where has there ever been a nation, so distinguished for *ideas* as this same French people? They have given the world all the social impulse, which it has had since the dark ages. Our own revolution, is well known to have been the product of French ideas; and at this day, you hear in France a distinct announcement of all the great ideas and principles, which animate the thought of this teeming age. It is more than an announcement of these ideas; it is an earnest effort, to synthesize them, to unite them into the single formula of an Unitary Reform. But our object is to call the attention of our readers to the correspondence of the Chronotype, which we give in our columns. We are thankful that at last, we have a reliable source of information from Paris. The correspondent of the Chronotype we are intimately acquainted with, and know that his statements of fact are to be relied on, and we believe his conjectures as to the future fate of France will be found to be as well-founded, as those of the mercenary editors of English and American papers.

We ask the special attention of our readers to his letter. They will see that the French people have studied the principle of true commerce, with better results as to ideas, than any other nation. And as they are the first people to recognize, even theoretically, the necessity for an organization of labor, so they are the first as a government, to recognize the equally pressing necessity for organizing Trade.

Tourret, the Minister of Commerce, has hit upon a plan of organizing commerce by the State, which does up in a trice, all that the Protective Unionists are patiently laboring to establish here. He proposes to establish *entrepots* throughout the country, where articles of produce or manufacture can be deposited by the creator, and where the people can obtain what they want, without the intervention of a merchant and jobber. His plan is no less, than to afford every person all articles at actual cost, and to supersede the entire class of merchants, jobbers and pedlars. He proposes to extend the same plan to the United States. Will it not be something worth while, when we can obtain French silks, broadcloth, and other manufactures, at the actual cost of delivering them here from those who produce them, and give them in return the products of our hands, at cost? This would be a *free trade* which would mean something, and which would be practicable.

The fact is, fellow laborers, the day is at hand when commerce has got to quit its spoliation of labor. We have but little expectation that M. Tourret can carry his scheme into effect at present, on account of the opposition which it will meet with from the traders and mercantile classes, any more than the friends of the working classes have been able to carry out the plan of organizing Labor for the same reason. But the crab moves backward, and so does civilization. The direct movement would be to organize labor, and all the other questions of exchange would follow as a matter of course. But we must get at the organization of labor, through organizing commerce. When we make it necessary for the hordes of *non*-producers to become *producers*, or starve. They will be among the first to call for the organization of *Attractive Industry*, as they were the first to decry it. The course of justice, is like the agility of a cat; however you may *toss* it, it always comes right side up.

Whether Tourret is allowed to carry out his plan at present, or not, there is the new idea and the hospitality of French mind, which never turns any thought out doors, will ere long regard this humble stranger, as an exalted guest—as a deliverer.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES.

We had but just written the foregoing brief remarks on the subject of organized trade in France, when a friend entered our office, and introduced a gentleman but six weeks from London, whose object in visiting our country, is to establish a system of international exchanges, between the laboring classes here and in Great Britain. Mr. Angier, for such is the gentleman's name, seemed to us, from the few moments we had with him, to be a genuine friend of the working classes, and a man of high moral sentiments, sincerely devoted to the amelioration of the social condition of his unfortunate countrymen, and one whose intelligence, business talent, and clear insight into the causes which have accumulated their misery, give him a strong hold upon the confidence and co-operation of the friends of a true system of trade.

He informs us that Protective Union stores, bakeries, mills, &c., are in extensive operation in England. Insomuch so, that they would of themselves, be able to take an entire cargo of grain, should it be sent to them. We are rejoiced at this intelligence, and are happily surprised to learn the extent, to which the working classes are combining in England.

Mr. Angier is on his way to Cincinnati, where he intends to spend some time, and to make arrangements for a definite plan of exchanges. He will there meet a company of friends with whom he had had correspondence while in England.

We had not time to learn definitely their plan of operation, but their aim is precisely that of the Protective Unionists, namely, to rescue the business and management of exchanges, entirely from the hands of merchants, jobbers and speculators; and to bring the producer and consumer into immediate contact. The business of carrying on commerce, must be absorbed from the control of the Barings and their class.

We regret that Mr. Angier's time in the city, was so short as to render it impossible for us to call upon the leading friends of Combined Trade with him. Especially, did we want him to see the President of the Board of Trade, in the hope, that a friendly intercourse might thereby be established between the friends in New England and Cincinnati. But Mr. Angier has agreed to furnish us with definite information, upon the general progress of the cause in Great Britain, and also to keep us informed of his success in the West, which will all appear in the *Era*. He will also call upon us in the Autumn, when he returns to England, at which time we hope to have the pleasure of introducing him to our friends.

Now we are sure our friends can but feel the profoundest interest in the success of this undertaking—in this effort to establish fraternal relations, between the oppressed laborers of the two hemispheres. If the plan talked of by the French Minister of Commerce, be carried into effect, it will be the easiest thing imaginable, for the laboring people of England to establish a league of unity with France, and through France with the United States. We hope no time will be lost on the part of our Board of Commerce, in securing an affiliation with the friends of Cincinnati and our brethren in England. There must be a higher life infused into the movement, than a mere love of pence. It should be living, instinct, with sentiments of generosity and of devotion to human elevation the world over. We must learn to look beyond the penny saved, to the manhood disenthralled. We trust too, that we shall yet be able to demonstrate to our friends the benefit of having a paper, the eye, ear and mouth of which is open to this cause.

OUR CASE.

This is the last time, that we shall parade our necessities before our readers. We had rather let our paper go to the keeping and conduct of moles and bats, than be constantly begging. But there were certain pledges made, on condition that we would attempt to carry forward the paper, which remain where they were placed, namely, upon paper. Only a very small proportion of them have as yet been redeemed. Now we trust our friends will pardon us for asking them to inform us distinctly, whether we are to rely upon their pledges. If we can rely upon their being met soon, our embarrassment will be removed, and our course clear. But if we may not so rely upon our friends, we do need most certainly, to know that also. During the five weeks to come, it will be difficult to obtain means by lecturing, on account of the heat of the season, which will deter people from attending meetings after a day of exhausting toil. We need help now, more than we shall be likely to need it at any future time. We cannot publish the New Era, for less than thirty-two dollars a week, which must be paid at the end of each week. Our readers can see from the acknowledgments of money received, that thus far, we have but just been sustained. We entreat them, to let us hear from them one way or another without delay.

For the New Era of Industry.

IRELAND'S PRAYER.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

With spirit burning,
For action yearning,
I often think on old Ireland dear,
Whose woes and curses
My heart rehearses,
And weeps forever its bloody tear.
Her brave men dying,
Her maidens sighing,
Her orphans crying,
Great God! to thee,—
Whilst foes insulting,
O'er all exulting,
With shackles bind her who once was free.

O, Power Eternal,
Whose heart supernal
Inclines from heaven when the ravens cry;
Whose arm protects us,
Whose word directs us,
O, God of Justice, look from on high!
Behold a nation,
In tribulation!
In supplication
We bend the knee.
In the name of Jesus,
O God, release us!
From cruel tyrants, O set us free!

O, Christian brothers,
If ye have mothers,—
If ye have sisters or children dear,—
Should famine blight them,
Should plague affright them,
Would ye not call on the world to hear?
O, would ye falter
At Freedom's altar,
When axe and halter
Your eyes might see,
Or cast behind you
The chains that bind you,
And swear by heaven that ye will be free!

O, Ireland! Ireland!
O, suffering sireland!
Arise! arise! from your bloody dust!
No longer single,
Let freemen mingle!
Let green and orange in union trust!
With hands upraising,
With bosoms blazing,
Jehovah praising
For Liberty,—
Once more in grandeur,
Through death and danger,
Our glorious island we'll arise and free!

THE COMPROMISE BILL DONE UP.—This "covenant of death" and "agreement with hell" has been strangled, in the darkness in which it was conceived. This bill, which consigned Oregon, New Mexico and California, into the hands of slaveholders, passed the Senate by a vote of 33 to 22, but in the House, it got a quietus which is a lesson to slaveholders. *It was laid upon the table* by a vote of 112 to 97; and pinned there, by a vote on a motion to reconsider, of 114 to 96. The vote was nearly a sectional one.

The House will probably pass a bill for the Government of Oregon, by which slavery will be prohibited, but it will most likely be rejected by the Senate.

Here is one instance of triumph, by the North, on the question of slavery. It is probably the first since the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, but we trust it is only an earnest, of what the North has fully resolved to do hereafter. This has been obtained only by the agitation of the press and of public assemblies. Let this agitation continue, and result in sending such a Congress to Washington next winter and henceforth, as to save all other territories and States from the curse of slavery.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.—This Convention, to which all eyes are now turned with held breath, as the most important event, in the way of determining the next Presidential election, will have met the day before our next issue. It cannot but be regarded, so it seems to us, by men of all parties and of no party, as the oracle, whose word is to decide the impending contest. It strikes us that no American citizen can be indifferent to its issue, and that no one has a right to be so. We are by no means bound to support the nominee of the Buffalo Convention, and there is but one condition, upon which we will support him, and that is, that he shall in some good degree, represent the claims which Labor is so signally asserting in all Europe, as well as in these United States. We do not demand that a candidate shall come fully up to our idea in all things, for if we did, we should wait long before rendering our country any service at the ballot box, and in so far as any action were concerned, might as well be dead, as we should be *politically*.

The question of the non-extension of slavery, taken by itself, provided that could be done, is a great question. But it is only a very small part of *the* question of which it forms a part, which is the great question of Labor—the question of Humanity's right to live in its own free impassioned action—by the fruit of its own free and voluntary pursuits. It is not enough to plant oneself against slavery's extension, but upon its extinction; not against negro chattel slavery alone, but also against white and black and wages slavery, wherever it exists. It is of no use to say that a man shall not work as a slave, until you can establish conditions, whereby he may work as a free man. It is not negro emancipation alone, which the age is calling for; but for the universal redemption of labor. It is not fragments of social architecture, built up into detached and isolated individualities, but its unity, integrity, and the synthesis wherein each fragment finds its complement, in its association with every other. We shall await the decision of the Buffalo Convention, and then we shall make ours. We cannot but wish that they may nominate a man, who is a whole man. If they only use their best common sense, and leave unprincipled policy to the Whigs and Democrats, they may elect their candidate and rescue the country from further disgrace.

FARE REDUCED TO BUFFALO.—The Committee appointed to make arrangements for attending the Buffalo Convention, have been notified that the fare will be reduced to half price, $12.50, between Albany and Buffalo, for the trip both ways. An arrangement will probably be made with a New York line, by which passengers will be carried on Friday and Saturday afternoons of the present week to New York, and thence to Albany by the Hudson River, for little more than half price, or $6 both ways—the fare for the whole trip being thus reduced to between $18 and $19. Full details will be given at the earliest possible moment. General arrangements should be made throughout New England at once to attend the Convention. Friendly papers are requested to copy.—*Chronotype.*

☞ We are under obligation to the Hon. Horace Mann for a copy of his powerful speech on the question of excluding slavery from the territories of the United States. It is a masterly effort, lofty and patriotic, universal and profound, in its scope. The friends of freedom may congratulate themselves on the victory which they have already won, when they contrast the manner in which the discussion of slavery by Mr. Adams, was received at Washington, with its reception from his successor. Can it be that Mr. Mann will vote for Gen. Taylor, after having made that speech? We will not believe it.

☞ We are also under obligation to the Hon. J. P. Hale, for a copy of Fremont's Geographical Memoir upon Upper California.

DECLARATION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The women of Seneca County, N. Y., have recently held a Convention at Seneca Falls, for the discussion of the existing political, social, and religious disabilities, to which woman is now subjected. The subject was discussed for two entire days, with the greatest candor, intelligence and dignity, by some of the first women, of this or any other country. Mrs. Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, took a conspicuous part in the proceedings of the Convention. Few are willing to admit the fact, and many are not aware of it, that woman in all civilized countries, is politically, religiously, and socially enslaved; but we challenge any one to deny it, after reading the following statement of her grievances, which we take from the Declaration of Sentiments, put forth by the aforesaid Convention. This Declaration, by the way, is not a parody upon our world-famed Declaration of Independence, as the Transcript calls it, but an improved edition, the complement of that instrument. Deny the truth of the following statements who can! We rejoice in that Convention as a significant indication of the tendencies of this age.

"Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled. The history of mankind, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she has had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which have been given to the most ignorant and degraded men, both natives and foreigners.

He having deprived her of the first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in any house of legislation, has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law civilly dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her morally an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming to all intents and purposes her master, the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty and to administer chastisement.

He has so formed the laws of divorce, as to what should be proper causes of divorce, and in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children should be given, as to be wholly unjust and regardless of the happiness of woman; the law in all cases going upon the false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands. After depriving her of all rights as a married woman,—if single and the owner of property.

He has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the means of profitable employment, and in those which she is permitted to follow she secures but a scanty remuneration.

He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself.

As a teacher of theology, medicine or law, she is not known.

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THE INDUSTRY OF IDL
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Women's Rights.—The wo-
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He has deprived her of the facilities for a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

He allows her in church as well as state, but a subordinate position, claiming apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and with some exceptions from any public participation in the affairs of the church.

He has created a false public sentiment, by giving to the world a different code of morals for man and woman, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society, are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God.

He has endeavored in every way that he could to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now in view of this entire disfranchisement of one half of the people of this country, their social and religious degradation, in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, therefore they do insist upon an immediate admission into all those rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of these United States. In entering upon this great work, we anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation and ridicule, but we shall use every reasonable instrumentality within our power to effect our object. We shall employ agents to circulate tracts, petition the State and National Legislatures, and endeavor to enlist the pulpit and press in our behalf."

Property in Association.—The problem to be solved, is the conciliation of great properties, as those of the Duke of Devonshire, Scheremitoff, Czartorisky, Medina Cœli, the Rothschilds, Astors, Lawrences, &c., with the infinitely small properties, as those of working men. Each of the latter, when he places his first dollar in the savings' bank of his Phalanx, will become a proprietor. If only of the 10-1000 part of a share, he will receive a proportional dividend, and he will have a right to say of the entire phalanx, "My forests, my factories, my hunting grounds, my herds, my tools, my palace or phalanstery, my kiosks, my museums," &c. He will feel the spirit of property, which leads to refinement of morals and manners, and to industrial emulation. And there will be no bombast in such assertion, since the appreciation of his industry and skill in the various employments where character and superior ability give him the lead, places the man high in relief above the capitalist. Besides, the guaranty of the minimum, required by the instincts of friendship and social charity, embraces the free enjoyment, by the poorest laborer who is a member of the Phalanx, of all its public pleasures and privileges; a seat in the chapel, the opera house, participation at the delicate and abundant tables, &c.

Communist sects of Owen and St. Simon, who would destroy the potent moral spring of property, to substitute the arbitrary theocracy or monastic community, your influence is ruined. Opinion will now be undeceived, and convinced that the spirit of individual property, reckoning the infinitely small as well as the infinitely great, is the true source of real progress towards national riches and general morality.

Are you virtuous men, sincere philanthropists, who dream of bettering the condition of the people, cease to welcome ruinous plans, projects of colossal and illusory expense; when you may with the twentieth and the hundredth part of the labors proposed to you, suddenly realize all the goods which you desire, satisfy at once the rich and the poor classes, through the attainment to Social unity, of which one experiment on three thousand acres with a few hundred associates of unequal fortunes, will open the path for humanity entire. It will conciliate all suffrages through the immensity of the profits, the pleasures and the virtues which will be seen to arise, and in which all will be desirous to share.

Fourier.

Comfort for the Rich.—When the time drew nigh that the oxy-hydrogen microscope should be shown, at the Newcastle Polytechnic Exhibition, one night last week, a poor old woman, whose riches will never retard her ascent to heaven, took her seat in the lecture room to witness the wonders that were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon net, a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant, and other marvels were performed before the venerable dame, who sat in astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the disk. But when at length, a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could hold in no longer. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, "a camel *could* get through that! There's some hopes for the rich folks yet."—*English paper.*

A Pretty Riddle.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a young lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for? A husband.

The Industry of Idleness.—"Mrs. Simpkins," said a ragged urchin, "wont you darn my stockings?" "Why don't your mother darn them?" "She can't get time; she's gone to the Sewing Circle."

Prince Metternich seems to be the only one who has provided for a rainy day. A million of gold ducats (half a million sterling) arrived safely in London, in kegs, the upshot of his economies. He has so much company in his fall, that the obscurity of the rest of his days will be less mortifying, and with so much money and the remembrances of his power, he might sit and gossip life away, we should suppose, without any very pitiable ennui.

A boy at the Latin school in our city, in reciting a lesson in the classics, the other day, gave the passage, "*Pompeius clam et nocte, Cæsar palam et interdiu,*" the following bold and spirited rendering: "Pompey ate clams by night, Cæsar by the pailful and in the day time." We need not say, the worthy teacher fainted.

Remittances for two weeks past:

Fabius, N. Y., Mr. Cross,	$1 00
Boston, Mr. Bronson,	75
Abington, Mass., N. H. Colson,	4 00
Covington, N. Y., Wm. Bryan,	1 00
	$6 75

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DIVISION NO. 37, W. M. P. U.

All persons are hereby forbidden to give credit or trust any Officer or Member of Division No. 37, South Andover, on account of said Division, as it will not hold itself responsible for debts thus contracted.

By order of the Division,
Wm. H. Foster, *Cor. Sec.*

Andover, March 21, 1848. mar 31. 3t

DIVISION NO. 27, W. M. P. U.

It being an established rule of Division No. 27, (Andover), to do their business entirely on the cash system, they hereby give notice that the Division will not hold itself responsible for any debts contracted by any individual on account of said Division.

Jonas Lovering, *Pres't.*
Joseph Wakefield, *Sec'y.*

Andover, March 22, 1848. mar31 3t

DIVISION NO. 11, W. M. P. U.

It being a rule and principle fully established asking or giving credit to *none,* therefore—All persons are forbidden to give credit to any agent or indivieual on account os said Division, as the above policy will be strictly adhered to.

J. B. Fish, *Pres't.*
Jona. Weeks, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Lowell, March 23, 1848. mar31 3t

DIVISION NO. 20, W. M. P. U.

In consequence of legal advice having been received touching the liabiliies of Subordinate Divisions of the Union, Notice is hereby given, forbidding all persons giving credit on account of Division No. 20, as their business is transacted entirely for Cash.

C. H. de Rochement, *Pres't.*
Chas. F. Classen, *Sec'y.* 2137

DIVISION NO. 15, W. M. P. U.

It being the established rule of Division No. 15 to do their business entirely on the *Cash* system, they hereby give Notice, That the Division will not hold itself responsible for any debts contracted by any person or persons on account of said Division.

J. B. Pierce, *Pres't.*
B. W. Dexter, *Sec'y.*

North Chelmsford, April 3d, 1848. 6w39

It being the settled policy and established rule of the Working Men's Protective Union to buy and sell their goods for Cash only, asking no credit and giving none, All persons are forbidden to give credit to, or trust any one on account or in behalf of the Supreme Division of the Working Men's Protective Union, as no one is authorized or permitted to contract any debts for said Division.

John Turner, *Pres't* } Su. Div.
Albert J. Wright, *Sec'y* } W. M. P. U.

Wanted, Two or three active and efficient Travelling Agents for *The New Era of Industry.* The *most liberal* encouragement will be given. Call and learn our terms, Office No. 3 Water Street (Office of Wright's Steam Press) Boston, Mass. Local Agents are also wanted in all parts of the United States.

The Boston Union of Associationists hold a meeting every Wednesday evening, at their room, No. 30 Bromfield street. Persons interested in Social Reform and the Organization of Labor are invited to attend.

MARKET REPORTS.

BOSTON MARKET.—July 31.

[Reported for the Chronotype.]

Flour—The market is dull, without change in prices; small sales of Genesee common brands at $5.25; Michigan $5 a $5.12, and fancy brands Genesee at $6.25 a $6.50 per bbl., cash. Corn is firm, with a good demand from the trade, and light receipts; sales of Southern yellow at 56 a 58c., and white at 50 a 51c. per bu. Northern Oats are steady at 47 a 48c. per bu., cash. Rye in small lots at 68 a 70c. per bu. Provisions—Mess Pork meets with a fair demand from the trade at $11.50 a $12; prime at $9, and clear and extra clear at $13 a $14, 4 mos. Good Mess Beef is scarce and continues to bring $12.50 a $13, 4 mos. Lard in bbls. at 7¼ a 8c., and kegs at 8½ a 9c., 4 mos.

HOME PRODUCE MARKET.

[Reported for the Boston Path-Finder.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump, lb	20a25	Beef Tongue,	10a12
Butter, tub,	16a18	Lard, Boston tub,	8a8½
Cheese, new milk, lb.	8a10	Lard, Western keg	8
Eggs, doz,	15	Veal,	8a11
Beef, fresh, lb	6a12	Lamb, qr,	$1a$1.50
Beef, salted,	7a9	Calves, whole,	7a9
Beef, smoked,	10a12	Mutton,	8a12
Hogs, whole,	5½a6½	Chickens, pair,	62a$1.25
Pork, fresh,	8a11	Turkies, each,	$1a$1.50
Pork, salt,	8a10	Geese,	6a10
Hams, Boston,	10	Duck, pair,	62a$1.25
Hams, Western,	8	Pigeons, doz,	62a$1

FISH.

Codfish, lb	3a4	Eels,	6a8
Haddock,	3a4	Pickerel,	10a12
Lobster,	5a6	Tongues and Sounds,	6a—
Salmon,	20a25	Mackerel, each,	8a12
Shad, each,	25	Perch, doz,	25

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, new, bush.,	$1	Beans, string, bushel,	75
Potatoes, Sweet,	$1.50	Rhubarb, lb,	2½
Turnips, bunch,	8	Spinach, pk,	12½
Squash, summer, each,	3	Radishes, bunch,	4
Onions, bunch,	3a6	Lettuce, head,	3
Beets, new, bunch,	4	Asparagus, bunch,	8
Peas, bushel,	$1.25	Cucumbers, each,	2

FRUIT.

Apples, dried, lb,	6a8	Oranges, doz,	25a50
Apples, bushel,	$1a$1.50	Lemons,	25
Pine Apples, each,	12a25	Figs, lb,	10a20
Blackberries, box,	17	Cherries,	12
Gooseberries, qt,	12		

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET—July 27.

[Reported for the Boston Path-Finder.]

At market, 350 Beef Cattle, 1500 Sheep and Lambs, 350 Swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle—Extra $6; first quality $5.50 a $5.75; second quality $5 a $5.25.

Sheep and Lambs—$1.75 a $2.75 for sheep; $1.50 a $2.50 for lambs.

Swine—Small Pigs 5½ a 6c.

WESTERN MARKET, CINCINNATI.—July 26.

[Reported for the Cincinnati Herald.]

Wheat per bushel,	70a75c.	Potatoes, per bush.	35a40c.
Oats, " "	25a26c.	Apples, " "	50c.a$1
Corn, " "	30a35c.	Butter, lb., in roll,	12a20c.
Rye, " "	56a60c.	" " crock,	8a10c.
Barley, " "	40a50c.	Eggs, per doz.,	6c.
Flaxseed, " "	80a85c.	Turkeys, "	45a80c.
Hay, per ton,	$11a$16	Chickens,	15c.
Wood, per cord,	$3.50a$4	Ducks,	15c.

MARRIED,

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Woart, Mr. Reuben Richards to Louisa B., daughter of John Odin, Esq., of Boston.

At Medford, July 27th, Mr. Dudley C. Hall to Miss Harriet W. King.

In London, July 5th, Dr. Henry W. Williams, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth T. Dewe, of London.

DIED,

In this city, July 29th, of consumption, Mr. William Langmaid, aged 31.

At Cambridge, July 28th, Peter Mackintosh, Esq., aged 60.

At Charlestown, Henry, only son of S. V. and Harriet Collins, aged 18 months.

At Salem, July 25th, Mr. Albert P. Batchelder, of Boston, aged 24.

At Norridgewock, Me., July 26th, suddenly, Dea. William W. Dinsmore, aged 60.

DIRECTORY OF THE W. M. P. U.

Supreme Division. Meeting the first week in January, April July and October.
John Turner, *Pres't,*
Albert J. Wright, *Sec'y.*

Division No. 1, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 5 Boylston Hall. Store in Warren St., Universalist church building.
H. Seaver, *Pres't.*
Charles C. Jones, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 2, Roxbury. Meeting Tuesday evening, Union Hall. Store in Warren St., near Washington.
T. S. Burrill, *Pres't.*
Edwin Litchfield, *Rec. Sec'y*

Division No 3. South Boston. Meeting Thursday evening, corner of Fourth and C streets. Store in same building.
Joseph W. Hayes, *Pres't.*

Division No. 4, Lynn. Meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at Store on Union street.
Edward A. Holden, *Pres't.*
T. J. Pinkham, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No 5, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 15 Merrimack street. Store at same place.
Henry A. Hobbs, *Pres't.*
S. H. Gooding, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 6, Manchester, N. H. Meeting Thursday evening, No. 2 Union building, Elm st. Store No 4 Methodist church building.
B. F. Bean, *Pres't.*
Charles W. Barker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 7, Cabotville. Meeting 1st and 3d Thursday evening of each month, in room adjoining the Store, on Cabot st
William Barnes, *Pres't.*
M. Pinney, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No 8, Canton. Meeting Monday evening at Store, corner of Washington and Boliver sts.
W. D. Hall, *Pres't.*
Robert Henderson, *Rec. Sec'y,*

Division No 10, Nashua, N. H. Meeting Saturday evening, at Beasom's Temperance Hall, on Factory st.
Martin Crafts, *Pres't.*
E. Greenwood, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division. No. 11, Lowell. Meeting Saturday evening, Humanity Hall, Market st. Store in same building.
Joel Hatch, *Pres't.*
A. Chamberlin, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 12, Worcester. Meeting Saturday evening in Hall over Store, No. 51 Main st.
Charles E. Staples, *Pres't.*
Charles H. Fitch, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 13, Holliston. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, basement room of E. H. Warren's shop.
John R. Goodwin, *Pres't.*
A. B. Warfield, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 14, Springfield. Meeting for business on the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month; for discussion every Wednesday evening, in room attached to Store, Wilcox's building, near R. R. depot, on Main street.
William B. Hastings, *Pres't.*
Chauncy Sanderson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 15, North Chelmsford. Meeting Monday evening, at Store on Merrimack st.
J. B. Pierce, *Pres,t*
B. W. Dexter, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 16, Lowell. Meeting 1st and 3d Saturday evening of each month, Committee Room of St. Paul's Church, Hurd st. Store on South st.
F. Rodliff, *Pres't.*
O. Pierce, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 17, Lawrence. No Report.

Division No. 18, Hopkinton. Meeting and Store, Haydn Row.
T. Leonard, *Pres't.*
Reuben Smith, *Rec Sec'y.*

Division No. 19, Stoneham. Meeting, Town Hall.
James W. Hurd, *Pres't.*
H. N. Wyeth, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 20. Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening in Suffolk Hall, corner of Canton and Suffolk st. Store on Suffolk st.
Chas. H. de Rochemont, *Pres't.*
Charles F. Classen, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 21, Cambridgeport. Meeting Friday evening, at Store, Hovey's Block, Main st.
Randall Taylor, *Pres't.*
J. N. Bang, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 22, Charlestown. No report.

Division No. 23, Sandwich. Meeting Monday evening, in Store-room, Town Hall building.
Francis Kern, *Pres't.*
James E. Ingraham, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 24, Salem. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 56 Washington st. Store on same street.
Moses Eastman, *Pres't.*
Stephen Tuttle, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 25, Lynn. Meeting Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at Store, Chestnut st.
Shadrac Remsdell, *Pres't.*
Samuel Collins, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 26, Winoski Falls, Vt. Meeting Saturday evening, at Store, on Barlow st.
Moses Marshall, *Pres't*
J. G. White, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 27, Andover, Frye village. Meeting Monday evening, at Store.
Jonas Lovering, *Pres't.*
James Hector, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division Mo. 28, Lynn. Meeting Monday and Thursday evenings, at Store, Chestnut st.
Wm. P. White, *Pres't.*
Thomas Collyer, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 29, Concord, N. H. Meeting Wednesday evening, Athenian Hall, Main st. Store on Main st., opposite Phænix Hotel.
William Carr, *Pres't*
Cyrus Peabody, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 30, Lynn. Meeting and Store not reported.
William F. Parker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 31, Woburn. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Wade's Hall. Store 80 rods north of Woburn centre.
Thomas Doliver, *Pres't*
J. W. Taylor, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 32, Bangor, Me. Store, No. 16 Central st.
John Stevens, *Pres't.*
Samuel Darling, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 33, Providence, R. I. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, No. 330 North Main st.
Welcome Angell, *Pres't.*
W. J. Waterman, *Rec. Sec'y*

Division No. 34, East Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening. Store, south side of Maverick square.
Jesse Tuttle, *Pres't.*
William Thompson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 35, Lynn. Meeting 1st Monday evening of each month, at room over No. 57 South Common st Store. No. 66 North Common st.
Aaron Lummus, *Pres't.*
Joseph M. Rowell, *Rec. Sec'y*

Division No. 36, Randolph. Meeting Wednesday evening, at Store, in Silas Alden's Building.
E. A. Allen, *Pres't.*
Darius Payne, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 37, South Andover. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Rechabite Hall. Store on Main st., opposite Andover Bank.
Benjamin F. Wardwell, *Pres't.*
Oscar G. Ingalls, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 38, West Medway. Meeting Tuesday evening, in room adjoining Store.
A. C. Grant, *Pres't.*
E. G. Ware, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 39, East Stoughton. Meeting Tuesday evening, in Hall over the Store.
Charles A. French, *Pres't.*
James Humphrey, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 40, Roxbury. Meeting 2d and 4th Friday each month, at the Store, corner of Washington st. and Suffolk place
Joseph B. Young, *Pres't.*
True Russell, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 41, Stoughton. Meeting Saturday evening, at Town Hall. Store at Stoughton Centre.
Jedediah Adams, *Pres't.*
James Capen, 2d, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 42, Worcester. Meeting Wednesday evening, at Store, Newton's Block, No. 3 Front st.
Calvin Newton, *Pres't.*
W. T. Hildrup, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 43 East Randolph, Mass.
Giddion Howard, *Pres't.*
Thomas West, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 44, Manchester, N. H.
James A. Grigg, *Pres't,*
Lyman P. Batchelder, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Division No. 45, Providence, R. I.
Jared W. Scovell, *Pres't,*
Alva M. Stetson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE W. M. P. U.

MERRIAM'S CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP.

I HAVE received and shall continue to receive and keep constantly on hand a supply of this premium soap, which I warrant genuine, and can confidently recommend as being the best and cheapest article for family use that has ever been offered to the public.

It is superior to Castile, for stable-keeper's and manufacturer's use.

F. S. CABOT,
No. 10 *Broad Street, Boston.*

ALBERT. J. WRIGHT,
PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 3 Water St. Boston.

Books, Circulars, Handbills, &c., Printed quick and cheap. mar17tf

OPERATIONS ON TEETH.
PRICES REDUCED FIFTY PER CENT.
AT
PATTEN & HINE'S
DENTAL SURGERY ROOMS,

No. 2 Albany Street, (opposite the United States Hotel) Boston.

Messrs Patten and Hine beg leave to inform the Public, that their Charges for Dental Operations, both surgical and mechanical, are full fifty per cent. less than are exacted elsewhere, and they warrant every operation to be equal, if not superior, to those performed at double the cost.

Those in want of the services of a Dentist, will find it to their advantage to call as above.

References.
Dr. Stevens, Dr. Jackson,
Dr. Davenport, Dr. Chapman,
Dr. Hawes, Dr. Wilson,
Dr. Jones.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. F. MORRILL

Is happy once more to make his annual acknowledgements to the public for the generous confidence heretofore reposed in him as a Physician, and for the unusual patronage he has received during the last twelve months. If pecuniary remuneration were the *only* reward to be received for administering relief to the afflicted and distressed invalid, there would be far less motive to practice the healing art—but fortunately for the bodily afflicted portion of humanity, this is not universally the case. To the accomplished and well-disposed physician, there is a deep, heart-felt satisfaction arising from the performance of deeds of healing human flesh, and relieving pain which can never arise from mere acquirement. Yet while he acknowledges his satisfaction for past pecuniary favors, he has to acknowledge the still higher gratification that he has sufficient reason to believe that he has been the source from which has flown much relief to the distressed and declining invalid. Repeated written communications, as well as oral statements, continue to flow in from every section of our own country, and also from the Canadas, testifying to the efficacy and relieving properties of his medicines, whither they have often been sent after consultation by letters. He asks for no other *recommendation* than the consciousness of his affording relief to the thousands whose unfortunate want of a judicious education, and whose sad ignorance of the precious laws of their physical constitution, have so often plunged them into the depths of human suffering. Feeling, as he does, the importance and usefulness of his calling, with full confidence in the efficacy and salutary effects of his medicines, he would still say, come and I will relieve you.

"A Word to the Wise," To those who have been treated medically by Dr. M., he deems it unnecessary to offer any word of *caution;* but to those who may know him not, and who are seeking relief from diseases of any name or nature, but particularly those of a secret or private character, he would say be cautious as to where you make your first call. When you are informed that Dr. Morrill is the only *advertizing* physician of any reputation in Lowell, you will no doubt govern yourselves accordingly. He would not make this assertion did he not know that his own community were aware of its *truth.* If those there are who can obtain a *professional* fame, irrespective of the means by which it is obtained, it may truly be said that such enjoyments are not to be envied; but for one

"Give me an honest fame, or give me none."

N. B. DR. MORRILL has moved his new office, from MIDDLESEX STREET, to MIDDLE STREET, on the spot heretofore known as No. 9, opposite the Post Office. His office hereafter will be known as No. 11 Middle st., opposite the Post Office, where he can be consulted as usual. His Female Monthly Drops and Pills, are a certain remedy for all Suppressions, Irregularities, &c. and can be obtained either at his Office or at his residence on Middlesex st., near the New Depot.) A perfect cure warranted in all cases of veneral disease, and those of a delicate nature, and the strictest discretion observed. Office open at all hours of the day and evening.

P. S. Dr. Morrill has no connection with any advertizing Doctor, nor never had.

Lowell, Jan. 1848. tf

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURE ROOMS,
82 Central Street,
(*Corner of Hurd Street, Lowell.*)

MINIATURES taken at these rooms in the most approved style, and in any weather, with or without colors, and gilded in the nicest manner, whether sold for a high or low price.

The Public are respectfully invited to call before obtaining Miniatures elsewhere, as the prices shall be as low as any in Lowell, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. S. H. HASTINGS.

Lowell, June 4.

JONATHAN LADD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Commissioner for the State of Vermont.

Office—Spaulding's Building, (next North of the American House,) Central street, Lowell, Ms.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

WAGER & DATER'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of both new and old Copper and Iron PUMPS, Soap Stones, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c. Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c.

Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work done at short notice, by

I. W. & D. BANGS,
2tf opposite the Washington House, Lowell.

PROSPECTUS OF
THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY,
AN ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Devoted to the Elevation and Improvement of the Industrial Classes and the Final and Permanent Emancipation of Labor from its present suicidal, competing and depressive Tendencies.

In consequence of a deep felt regard for the present and future well-being of our fellow laborers, and relying upon the support of the friends of Industrial and Social Reform, throughout the country, the undersigned propose to assume the publication of *The New Era of Industry.*

The paper is to be conducted as heretofore upon strictly *Independent Principles,* opposing all prominent evils, social political or ecclesiastical, with that spirit which knows no fear or favor while in the path of duty, and advocating all cardinal truths with perseverence and sincerity of purpose.

In our labors we ask and expect the co-operation and sympathy of the true friends to the Race—the honest Philosopher and Statesman, the untrammeled and devoted Teacher, the hardy Farmer, the Mechanic and Artizan—and last, but not least, the toiling Operative at the Loom or Spindle.

Particular attention will be given to the subject of the WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, and other co-operative and guarantee movements.

In addition to its leading objects, the *New Era* will contain Tales, Poetry and Miscellaneous Reading of an interesting and instructive character, together with a summary of News, Domestic and Foreign.

TERMS.

Single Copies, per year,	$1,50
Six " " "	7,00
Ten " " "	11,00
Twenty " " "	20,00

N. B. To ensure the advantages extended above to clubs, the whole number must begin at the same time, and all be sent to one address, without the names being written on the papers.

All communications for the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed (Post Paid) to "The New Era of Industry, Boston."

Subscribers wishing to continue or persons becoming subscibers, will please bear in mind that our terms are *in Advance,* therefore all renewed subscriptions should be sent by or before the expiration of their payments.

Postmasters are authorized to frank letters containing notices of removals, non-receptions, discontinuations and all other Post Office business.

Advertisements of a useful and proper character, inserted on reasonable terms. John Orvis.

Boston, June 2, 1847.

AGENTS.

MASSACHUSETTS.	*Waltham,* Wm Richardson
East Boston, W. H. Gray	*Danvers,* Jefferson Putnam
Roxbury, J. T. Bicknell.	*Lowell,* A. C. Hill.
Holliston, Daniel Newton	*Woburn,* Henry Wendell
South Boston, G W Robinson	*Cabotville,* Geo. Mills Joy
Lynn, N. W. Brown.	" L. Fairbank.
E. Bridgewater, L B Parker	NEW-HAMPSHIRE.
Chelmsford, (*Scythe factory Village,*) Robert Lord.	*Dover,* S. S. Moulton.
	Nashua, J. L. Doty.
N. Chelmsford, A. Graves.	*Manchester,* C. A. Brown.
Andover, Frye Village, David Middleton.	RHODE ISLAND.
	Providence, Amorancy Paine
Clintonville, Lancaster, Sanborn Worthen.	Anti-slavery office.
	VERMONT.
South Andover, E A Russell	*Winooski Falls, and vicinity,* John R. Forrest
Methuen, S. H. Wise.	
Reading, Abel H. Reed.	CONNECTICUT.
Palmer, Peter Pride	George H. Fisher.

COMMENDATIONS.

The New Era of Industry.—The tone of the Era is admirable; earnest, intelligent, catholic, temperate, firm. It lays bare the condition of industry in civilized and Christian countries with a masterly hand; and all its representations show internal evidence of candor and of truth. It is not destructive, but constructive in the measures it proposes for the relief of the down-trodden masses. It foments no discord between classes; but it teaches the laborer to know his rights and opportunities; it shows him the remedy within his own power; it shows him his own sovereignty, and that his destiny is in his own hands. It guides, by wise and practicable suggestions of immediate application, the vague instinctive movement of the age towards Association, Union of Interests, Co-operation, Mutual Guaranties. Especially is the New Era of Industry the organ of the *Protective Unions,* a now widely affiliated system of combinations whereby poor men may purchase for their daily consumption at wholesale prices, and thus save the gains which an extortionary retail commerce taxes upon both producer and consumer. The paper gives abundant evidence of talent, and its literary character is high. We might say much more in its praise.—*Chronotype.*

Among our exchanges, we have received the New Era of Industry, and it really seems like an old friend. It is published by that indefatigable co-laborer in the work of reform, John Orvis; and should receive the patronage of the laboring class in general, and the Protective Unionists in *particular.* We hope that he will meet with that success which his unremitting labor in behalf of the downtrodden entitle him.—*Lynn Tattler.*

Certainly we need not repeat our anxiety in the success of this paper. Ours is incorporated (not formally, legally and materially, but spiritually as yet) with it; and there is no paper so completely identified with the working man's interest.—*Essex Transcript.*

The New Era of Industry.—We trust that the appearance of this new paper, is a proof of a resolute determination on the part of those most interested, to give it an efficient support. We know that it will be worthy of their liberal patronage, and if it does not obtain it, we can only regret that our friends in scratching for the barley-corn should throw away the pearl. The Editor, Mr. John Orvis, has faithfully earned the high reputation which he enjoys among Social Reformers, not only as a powerful speaker on the problems of society, but as an acute reasoner, and an impressive popular writer. He certainly possesses uncommon skill and tact as a journalist for the masses, and no one can be acquainted with his labors in that sphere, without giving them his heartiest commendation.—*Harbinger.*

The New Era of Industry, just started at Boston, in place of the old "Voice of Industry," by John Orvis, is one of the best weekly papers we receive. It is devoted to the interests of Labor and the Laboring class, not only in profession but in very deed, and not only wishes well to the Working Men, but *knows how* they are to be benefited, and will show them how, if they but read it. We heartily commend it to the favor of Labor Reformers everywhere.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

New Era of Industry.—We have seen a number of this paper, published in Boston, and from a hasty perusal of its contents, we think it ranks among the most useful and instructive publications for the working classes. The elevation of these classes, mentally and morally, is inseparably connected with the perpetuity of our great and growing republic; and this paper appears to be well calculated to elevate the producer, by showing him the important position he holds in the scale of physical and political welfare, and that non-producers are but so many dead weights on society.—*Upland Union.*

THE NATIONAL ERA.
WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

L. P. NOBLE, PUBLISHER.

The leading purpose of this journal is, the discussion of the question of Slavery, and the advocacy of the main principles of the Liberty Party. Due attention is given to Social and Political Questions of general importance; nor are the interests of a Pure Literature overlooked.

It aims to preserve a faithful record of important events; of inventions or discoveries affecting the progress of Society; of public documents of permanent value; and, during the sessions of Congress, to present such reports of its proceedings, as will convey a correct idea, not only of its action, but of its spirit and policy. The debates on the exciting subjects of Slavery and the Mexican War expected to arise in the next Congress, will occupy a large share of its columns.

Arrangements have been made for extending and enriching its already valuable Department of Home and Foreign Correspondence.

It is printed on a mammoth sheet, of the finest quality, in the best style, at $2 a year, *payable in advance.*

The generous spirit in which the *Era* has been welcomed by the Public Press, and the very liberal patronage it has received during this, the first year of its existence, encourages us to hope for large accessions to our subscription list.

It is desirable that subscriptions be forwarded without delay, so that they may be entered before the approaching Congress.

All communications addressed to

L. P. NOBLE,
Publisher of the National Era, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.

[From the Athenæum.]

HOPE FOR ALL.

Hewer in the sullen mine,
Far from day's joy-teeming shine—
Though uncouthest toil be thine,
That, with axe and saw and plane,
Ships constructs to sail the main—
Building church or shaping wain—
There is hope for thee.

Thou who, in the season's track,
Furrows driv'st on earth's broad back,
Reaping sheaf or piling stack;
Who vibrat'st the weary loom,
In a damp and dingy room,
By a lamp's unhealthy fume—
There is hope for thee.

Thou who dost the needle ply
Days and nights all hopelessly,
Sewing ever wearily;
Thou who tend'st the cotton reels,
Whirling like a thing that feels,
Seest thou not a soul in wheels?
There is hope for thee.

Thou who guid'st the steam-urg'd car,
On its level path afar,
Heading mind's aggressive war;
Thou who dost the furnace tend,
Make the stubborn iron bend,
Mould it to a potent friend—
There is hope for thee.

Thou of colder heart than head,
Finding, whatsoe'er be said,
Nothing better worth than bread—
Mark what independent thought,
Oft despised and set at nought,
Toiling through all time, hath wrought—
There is hope for thee.

Bard who scannest Nature's looks,
Forests, hills, and running brooks,
Writing them in glorious books;
And who find'st in accents wrung
From the universal tongue,
Noble strains as e'er were sung—
There is hope for thee.

Who dost preach and who dost pray,
Mindful of a coming day,
Catching oft an upward ray,
Though much still may seem of doom,
Vexed, groping in the gloom—
Buds of time are yet to bloom—
There is hope for thee.

Ruled or ruler, free or thrall,
Wise or simple, great or small,
Who dost rise, and who dost fall—
Hope is thought's free majesty,
Freedom's noblest entity,
Effort's highest energy—
Hope is destiny!

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The following are selected from a great variety of interesting anecdotes of dogs, in Capt. Brown's Popular Natural History, just published:

An English gentleman some time ago went to Vauxhall Gardens (France) with a large mastiff, which was refused admittance, and the gentleman left him in the care of the body guards, who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gate and informed the guards that he had lost his watch, telling the sergeant that if he would permit him to take in the dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, the gentleman made motions to the dog of what he had lost, which immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch; and on being searched, not only his watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets. What is more remarkable, the dog possessed such a perfection of instinct, as to take his master's watch from the other six, and carry it to him.

Of the alertness of the dog in recovering the lost property of his master, we shall give one other instance. M. Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, Paris, offered to lay a wager with a friend, that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted after being carefully marked. When they had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their way to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveler, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in Rue Pont-aux Choux, and Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveler. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly about him. The gentleman supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarding his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his clothes, than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveler opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche instantly snatched up an article of dress, and away he flew. The stranger posted after him, with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your clothes, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveler became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling; "without doubt, there is in your purse a six livre piece, with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he committed upon you!" The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

TIMING IT.—A minister in the highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners intoxicated, and the next day called to reprove him for it.

"It is very wrong to get drunk," said the parson.

"I ken that," said the guilty person, "but then I dinna drink as mickle as you do."

"What, sir—how is that?"

"Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye aye take a glass of whiskey and water at dinner?"

"Why, yes, Jamie; surely I take a little whiskey after dinner, merely to aid digestion."

"And dinna ye take a glass of whiskey toddy every night before ye gang to bed?"

"Yes, to be sure; I just take a little toddy at night to help me to sleep."

"Well," continued the parishioner, "that is just fourteen glasses a week, and sixty every month. I only get paid off once a month, and then if I'd take sixty glasses, it would make me dead drunk for a week; now you see the only difference is, *ye time it a little better than I do.*"

A FEMALE COLLEGE.—A College, to be named by Royal permission "Queen's College, London," in conjunction with the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, has been formed, with a view to place female education on the same basis as that of endowed schools and universities for the male sex. Its chief purposes consists in the examination of and granting diplomas and certifications to governesses, to enable them to produce satisfactory evidence of their merits, and in affording the less competent an adequate and orderly preparation for their work.

WONDERFUL BAD MEMORY.—A traveler on one of the Western steamboats recently, was landed near his home, and as the boat was about to leave, he bawled out, "Hallo, captain! there's something missing here!"

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"Hang me if I can recollect now," said the traveler; "let me see, here's all my trunks, boxes, two dogs, gun, and—oh, thunder! it's my wife and little gal, that are asleep in the cabin! I knew there was something else!"

ONE AT A TIME.—A celebrated preacher in the western part of Pennsylvania, in announcing his intention to preach in the woods on a certain day, begged the ladies of his congregation not to bring their children with them, as it was enough to hear "one crying in the wilderness" at a time.

A GOOD ANSWER.—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman.

"Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the reply.

A woman is now confined in the prison at Nantes, for having killed her husband. The reason she assigns, was on account of his selling a pig for too small a sum.

A fellow who married a termagant who drove him to desperation, and finally to death, just before dying requested a friend to have the following brief yet pungent inscription upon his tomb: "Slain by a jaw-bone."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER, No 65, corner of Merrimack and John st., is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinery Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found any where else
J. T. ADAMS.
Lowell, Sept. 28, 1846. n25

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the
FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
(Formerly kept by A. W. Rockwood, Esq.,)
CORNER OF BEACH STREET AND HARRISON AVENUE,
and is prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders. The location is one of the most pleasant and convenient in the city; it is in the immediate vicinity of the the Boston and Worcester, and Western Railroad Depots, and but a short distance from the Boston and Providence and Old Colony Depots.

About twenty rooms have recently been added to the house, and newly furnished, and the whole thoroughly repaired. The construction of the house is such, and his acquaintance with the markets so extensive, that he is enabled to accommodate Boarders at unusually low prices, and every effort will be made to render it a neat, quiet, and desirable resting place for the traveller.
aug16 H. HAMLIN.

BOOT, SHOE, AND CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
No. 2 Jackson Street, Jennis Block.
WILLARD RUSSELL & WILLIAM HAYWARD,
Dealers in
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and clothing of all descriptions. Also, Umbrellas, Parasolettes, and Parasols.
LAWRENCE, Sept. 10, 1847.

INTERESTING TO MECHANICS.

The cheapest and best scientific paper in the United States, is the new paper entitled the
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Published by RUFUS PORTER, (formerly editor and publisher of the "New York Mechanic," and the "Scientific American,") at the Sun Buildings, No 128 Fulton Street, New York.

Each number of this paper contains from THREE to FIVE ENGRAVINGS, most of them ORIGINAL and WELL EXECUTED, illustrative of NEW INVENTIONS, SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, ELEGANT DESIGNS, and NATURAL CURIOSITIES—also general notices of the progress of MECHANICAL and other SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS—AMERICAN and FOREIGN INVENTIONS—catalogues of AMERICAN PATENTS—original SCIENTIFIC ESSAYS, illustrating the sciences of MECHANICS, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRO-MAGNETISM and MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY:—CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS, and valuable instruction in various ARTS and TRADES,—notices of the most interesting passing events, religious intelligence, Poetry, &c. This paper is especially entitled to the patronage of mechanics and manufacturers; and farmers will derive much advantage from its instruction in various mechanical trades. As a family newspaper, it will convey more useful intelligence to children and young people than five times its cost in school instruction; and on the principle of economy, it may be argued that every copy, if well preserved, will command more than the original cost, at the end of the year. Published weekly for *one dollar* per annum, per single copy; five copies to one address for four dollars.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CHRONOTYPE.

EDITED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE, POTTER & WRIGHT, 15 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS—DAILY, ONE CENT, each number. For any sum forwarded to the publisher free of expense, they will send the paper at that rate till the money is exhausted.

WEEKLY.—Two dollars a year in advance, or for any shorter time at the same rate. For five dollars three copies will be sent for one year.

This publication is made in the finest style of news paper typography. It is independent of all sects, parties, and cliques, expressing freely the views of its editor and of such correspondents as he thinks proper to admit, on all subjects of human interest.

It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, thorough land reform, cheap postage, abstinence from intoxicating drinks, exemption of temperance men from taxes to repair the damages of drinking, a reform in writing and spelling the English language, the abolition of capital punishment, universal and kindly toleration in religion, life and health insurance, water cure, working men's protective unions, and all other practical forms of association for mutual aid—and generally, Progress.

It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the most condensed and intelligible style.

ITS EXCHANGE LIST is already very large—so large that it will be increased only on condition that the paper requesting the exchange will keep the above Prospectus standing in its columns.

Any country paper which will keep the above in its columns, and furnish us with the most important news of its vicinity, by slip or otherwise, in advance of its regular publication, shall be supplied with the Daily Chronotype, in exchange for its weekly, and have our best thanks and due credit to boot.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1847.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL FOR ALL CLASSES.

EDITED BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

PLAN.

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OBJECTS.

THE OBJECTS OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL may be summed up into one word—PROGRESS.

Progress in Social Science, and especially in those departments of Social Science, which must ultimately secure to every human being the primary conditions of bodily and mental health and development—namely, a sufficiency of excellent Food and Clothing,—well warmed, well ventilated, well drained, well lighted, and cheerful Homes—Baths, Gardens and Parks—Amusements,—Leisure, Books and Schools.

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Progress in the study and observance of the beneficent laws of Nature.

Progress, in a word, in all that can make man happy and noble, and bring him into a more intimate communion with the Being in whose image he is made.

MEANS.

In carrying out these objects, the Projector and Editor of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL seeks the aid of the enlightened and benevolent of all classes, sects, and parties. Agreeing to differ, where difference must exist, how many and how mighty are the questions on which all may co-operate for the common good!

Crosby and Nichols, 111 Washington St., Boston, Publishing Agents for New England.

PROSPECTUS OF
THE LIBRARY OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

This Periodical is established to promote the great cause of SOCIAL PROGRESS and HUMAN ELEVATION. The character of its discussions to this end will be two-fold—Doctrinal and Practical.

First, in the sphere of pure Doctrine, it will treat of, and endeavor to elucidate the *Philosophy of Science*, or what may properly be termed SOCIAL SCIENCE. This new Science comprehends *the Natural Laws and Principles of Social Organization*, a knowledge of which is essentially necessary to the realization of a wise and beneficent reform of Human Society, and to enlightened Progress. Under this head will also be considered the Nature of Man, his Passions and his Destiny.

Second, in the Practical sphere, the Library of Social Science will advocate *thorough measures of Reform*,—that is, organic reforms in our Political, Industrial and Social Institutions; which reforms imply an entire REORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY. The measures proposed, while profoundly radical, will, however, be truly conservative; not revolutionary and destructive, but pacific and constructive in their policy and principles, promoting the interests of all classes of society, and securing the universal elevation and happiness of mankind. A number of valuable practical and economical arrangements will be explained and recommended, which may be adopted in present society. The discussions of a practical nature will also embrace such questions as the Organization of Labor;—Free Trade;—Free Competition;—the extended application and monopoly of Machinery;—the Industrial Rights of Man;—the relations of Capital and Labor;—the *compound* Protection of Industry, or protection to the Laborer as well as the Capitalist;—the true theory of Property, and Division of Profits;—an equitable system of Commerce; and many other important social questions.

The Library of Social Science will be divided into two Departments In one department the subjects before referred to will be treated; and in it will also be presented a summary review of the great reforms now agitated in France, Germany, England and the United States, which are the principal theatres of the progressive movement of this age. The other department will be devoted to the publication in English of the works of CHARLES FOURIER.

The doctrines of Association have been before the American public for several years, through the writings and lectures of their advocates, but, except in a few partial translations, the writings of the great discoverer and founder of Social Science, have remained unknown. Consequently there is much misunderstanding, aggravated by the most flagrant falsification, of the character of Fourier's discoveries, and the value of his claims to consideration as Teacher, on the vital question of Social Reform:—a misunderstanding which, in many minds, has settled into a deep-rooted prejudice, distrust and aversion. It is therefore due to the public, and to Fourier himself, that a complete and faithful exposition of his doctrines should be made in his own words. The translations will be made with the utmost care, and will be accompanied with notes and explanations which will assist the comprehension of the more difficult parts of the doctrine.

The Library of Social Science addresses itself especially to those who are seeking for *positive principles* as guides in the solution of the great question of this age, the question of Social Progress and Human Improvement.

This Magazine will be published on the 15th of each month, and will be printed in large and handsome type, on fine paper. The first number will be issued in January, 1848.

Terms,—$2 per annum; $1, six months, payable in advance. Single copies twenty-five cents.

ALBERT BRISBANE and OSBORNE MACDANIEL, Editors, to whom all subscriptions are to be addressed, at the office of the Magazine, No. 30 Ann street, New York.

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New York,—Burgess Stringer & Co., W. H. Graham, Tribune Building.
Boston,—Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington street, Chronotype Office, 15 State street.
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TESTIMONIALS.

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David Dodge,	aged 75	Saml. Payson,	aged 75
Newhall Martin,	" 78	Saml. Etheridge,	" 53
James R. Turner,	" 40	Arnold Southwick	" 48
John Lock,	" 66	Uriah Tufts,	" 75

Charlestown, March, 1847. July16—1

REMOVAL.

L. GIRARDIN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FORMERLY OF PARIS,

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N. B. Dr. L. G. has no connection with any other office, and his medicines can only be obtained as above.
aug8

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DR. S. C. HEWETT is attending, as usual, to multitudes of patients, and he feels grateful to them and to the public, for their continued patronage.

To those who have never been Dr. Hewett's patients, and have not, therefore, experienced his kind an generous treatment, he will say, that no man was ever slandered professionally, as Dr. H. is, unless he had acquired great fame and profit through his unrivalled success; and therefore reduced the amount of dollars and cents, formerly received by his slanderers, which excites their and their friends' jealousy. Dr. Hewett practices in diseased and deformed Spines, Rheumatism, Paralytic Affections, Scrofula, White Swellings, and all diseases of the joints and muscles, and Bone setting.

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BOSTON, Aug. 7, 1847. aug8

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The Bathing House is constructed with two entire sets of Baths, each consisting of Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Eye, Spray, Flowing, Cold or Warm; and so arranged as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access, by invalids, at all times, from each wing of the house, one of which is occupied by gentlemen, the other by ladies. The house is so warmed as to render it perfectly comfortable, even in the coldest weather.

The "Water Cure" has been particularly successful in the following complaints:, Rheumatism, acute or chronic Gout, incipient stages of Consumption; Nervous Diseases; Dispepsia, or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c.; Fevers of various forms; all cutaneous diseases; Scrofulas and Spinal Complaints; diseases peculiar to females, &c.

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All communications addressed to the Physician, (post paid) Lowell, Mass., will receive prompt attention.
DR. R. DARRAH, Proprietor.
H FOSTER, M. D., Physician. 3m nov26

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. GIRARDIN, French Female Physician, respectfully informs the Ladies that she has removed to No. 244 Washington St. up stairs, where she continues to attend to Ladies in all kinds of diseases peculiar to females, but particularly Humors, Scrofula, Hip, and Spinal diseases, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Cancers, and Ulcers. Mrs. G. is very successful in children's complaints. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
BOSTON, Aug. 7, 1847. aug8

THE HARBINGER.
PROSPECTUS OF THE
SIXTH VOLUME.

In presenting to the public the Sixth Volume of the Harbinger, the Editors would give a brief statement of its proposed character and aims.

The Harbinger, from its commencement, has been the advocate of a Social Reform, which shall embrace, reconcile, and do justice to the various interests that are essential to the true life of Humanity,—which, in maintaining the rights of Labor, shall not overlook the legitimate claims of Capital,—which seeks to combine the elevation of the working classes, by the introduction of a natural, efficient, and attractive system of industry, with the widest development of Art and universal, spiritual culture,—and which shall destroy the fruitful sources of antagonism, oppression, and inhumanity which now exist in the relations of men, by the establishment of such organic arrangements as will necessarily produce a comprehensive and harmonious unity.

The principles of Social Science, discovered and illustrated by the immortal genius of CHARLES FOURIER, have always occupied a conspicuous place in the expositions of the Harbinger, and will continue to be set forth and maintained, with the earnestness which their vast importance demands, but without intemperate zeal or sectarian exclusiveness.

The Harbinger will discuss all questions relating to the progress of society, the past history of the race, the present aspects of civilization, the great humanitary reforms of the day, and the political movements of Europe and America, in the light of Associative Science; but with a sincere and fraternal recognition of all elements of truth, goodness and beauty, in whatever institution or doctrine it may be called on to consider.

In conducting the Harbinger, for the future, the Editors intend to relieve it of the abstract character which to a certain degree it has hitherto borne, and to give a much larger space to General Topics, to the News of the Day, and to comments on Passing Events. They are in possession of great facilities for presenting copious and authentic summaries of domestic and foreign intelligence, which they will not fail to use with all their industry and vigilence. While they maintain an independent position with regard to our leading political parties, they do not mean to abstain from the freest criticism of their movements. Great attention will be paid to the selections, which must compose no small portion of every well-conducted weekly newspaper, so that the readers of the Harbinger will always find in its columns an entertaining, instructive and varied miscellany, in addition to the topics which give it its distinctive character.

In short, the Editors design to spare no pains to make the Harbinger an attractive and valuable Journal to all classes of readers,—to give it access to circles beyond the sphere of its immediate sympathies,—and to command the approval of the public and an extensive circulation, by the various interest of its contents, and the energy and zeal which are devoted to its management.

The present volume of the Harbinger appears in a greatly improved form, and with one half more matter than has heretofore been given. No expense has been spared to make it in all respects worthy of the position at which it aims. It is furnished to subscribers at the same low price which has made it one of the cheapest papers in this country; and in this respect, under the present arrangements, it is probably not surpassed by any weekly journal.

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